

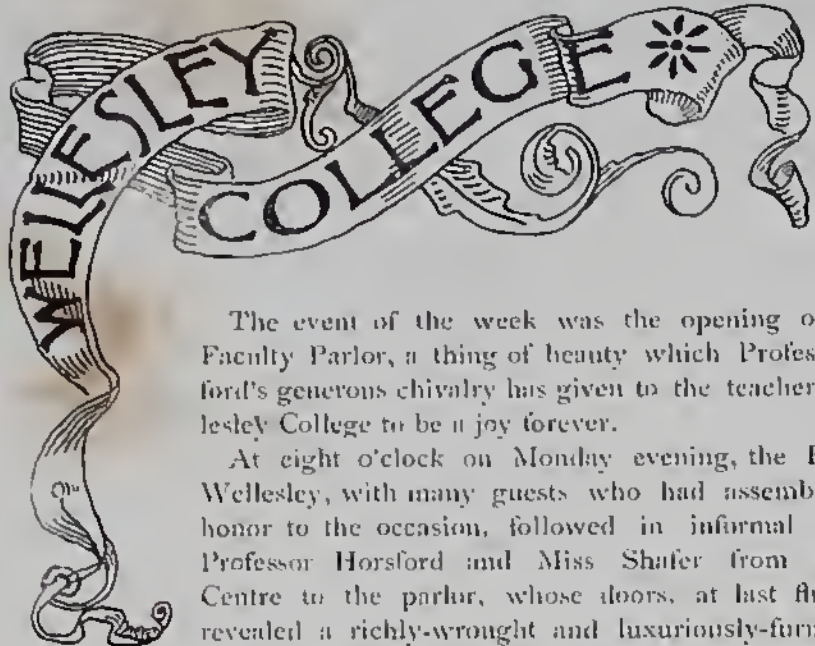
The Current

College Edition.

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WELLESLEY, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1888.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



The event of the week was the opening of the new Faculty Parlor, a thing of beauty which Professor Horsford's generous chivalry has given to the teachers of Wellesley College to be a joy forever.

At eight o'clock on Monday evening, the Faculty of Wellesley, with many guests who had assembled to do honor to the occasion, followed in informal procession Professor Horsford and Miss Shafer from the South Centre to the parlor, whose doors, at last flung wide, revealed a richly-wrought and luxuriously-furnished interior glowing with mellow and harmonious hues. As soon as the exclamations of surprise and delight could be hushed, Prof. Horsford, addressing the President and Faculty, read his letter of last March:

To the President of Wellesley College:

Among the expressed wishes of Mr. Durant was one that I would wait upon a friend of mine with the proposition suitably to finish and furnish the large room opposite the library. The time was not propitious, and the wish was not fulfilled. I wish, now, myself to fulfil the desire of my friend; and I beg you to lay the plan which follows before the Executive Committee.

With the opening of Freeman Cottage it will be practicable to appropriate two or more rooms in the Founders' Hall, now occupied by students, to a new recitation-room, so that the use of the parlor for class exercises may be wholly given up.

One of the great needs of the College is a room where the ladies of the Faculty may have more of the privileges, and with them an increased measure of the refinements and elegancies, of home life than can be provided in our present crowded condition. It is needed in the deepest interest of the College. Appointments of this character are accepted evidences of culture, and provision for them would show its fruit in the added grace and address of the students as they approach their graduation. A room of this kind, tastefully furnished, with comfortable chairs and tables, with warm rugs, grateful light, and harmony of color in the walls and ceiling, would constitute a department of instruction more important to the welfare of the young ladies than the founding of a new professorship. But besides this, and more than this, it would promote and preserve the health, as it would soothe the wearied nerves, of our devoted officers of instruction, to have a parlor of their own, where they might come for temporary rest, or while in waiting; or if a point of research arises, where they might bring from the library their books of reference to a quiet nook and make the needed examination.

In addition to all these uses, I desire to have the room fulfil a want in connection with the library. The alcove in which the books of the Philological Club are now kept is, unhappily, little better than a storehouse. These collections, which are already unique, promise to be felt, to the renown of the College, in our Wellesley Monographs. I would have a neat, permanent bookcase of moderate dimensions in one corner at the left as one enters the room, which may be lengthened towards the door, as the collections of books increase. The shelves should be easily accessible from the floor, and be glassed. For the service of the Club I would have a folding screen that might be made, whenever desired, to shut off the angle of the parlor where the books are kept, and so permit the Club to meet without excluding others from the general room.

I would have the windows lightly draped, and the parlor lighted, in connection with the library and reading-room, with electric lights.

The first room on the right as one leaves the parlor, now occupied by students, I would take for a cloak-room for the Faculty.

I am faithfully yours,

E. N. HORSFORD.

"The action of the Board," continued Prof. Horsford, "was prompt and favorable, and was at once communicated to me by the President. I read an extract from her note:—"

MY DEAR PROFESSOR HORSFORD.—It was unanimously voted by the Executive Committee, on Saturday, to accept your very generous offer, and this with most warm and hearty thanks, and most thorough appreciation of all the value it would bring to the dear College.

HELEN A. SHAFER.

Wellesley College, March 25, 1888.

Prof. Horsford added in conclusion: "I have intrusted the execution of my wish to the artistic genius of Mr. Tryon of New York. You see how it has been carried out. I cannot know how this achievement impresses you; possibly it recalls a friend whom, not having seen, you know; and with the vision, breathes there not through all the air the murmur, 'A new symphony in color! and the theme, Rest!'"

There will be light enough here by day and by night. If the supply or quality needs to be modified there is provision for it. There will be a prevalence of subdued color; there will be adequate warmth and ventilation; there are reposeful outlooks; there are comfortable seats and quiet corners; the folding screen will provide optional seclusion for the Philological Club, or for other Associations of the Faculty; there is a generous ease for their collections of books and manuscripts; and there is provision for personal stationery for the service of the Faculty, each drawer having its own key and number.

The electric lighting of the library, reading-room, and the withdrawing rooms seemed to be a part of the general need. I trust they will prove acceptable.

I have asked that Elaine may be given a place here, at least for a time. The statue has associations that make it fit that it should share the auroral light that comes in from Waban Mere.

The parlor will, I trust, always be at the command of the Faculty. This gracious body, I am sure, will be good enough to yield the apartment to the Board of Trustees and the Board of Visitors, whenever they may need it.

It only remains for me to express the wish that the Faculty Parlor may fulfil the purpose for which it has been designed,—the rest, the refinement, and the amenities of social life in the College we love."

Mr. Tryon, being introduced, spoke as follows:

PROFESSOR HORSFORD has been kind enough to ask me to account for myself before you this evening, for my work in this room. An architect is continually called upon to state his intentions, and give his clients some idea what the results of his labors will be,—to recite a prologue, in point of fact. But it is seldom that he has an opportunity to read his own epilogue.

A work of this sort should speak for itself; but as the room seems a trifle reticent, I find I am expected to say something for it.

Professor Horsford, in giving to me his first ideas for the general treatment of the room, laid great stress upon the fact that it was an apartment for the Faculty of Wellesley College, and that it should have a sense of quiet comfort and genial cosiness. The room itself, from its very proportions and size, suggested to me a more or less severe treatment; and this was naturally tempting, for nothing is so pleasing to an architect as to embrace an opportunity to study out a scheme of color, and a design in some one of the historic styles.

But with this inclination, I had in mind Professor Horsford's desire for a homelike room, and I took for my motto a certain strength and richness of color, with a somewhat bold arrangement of lines. Using gold for my background, I have endeavored to blend reds, yellows, blues, and greens so that the general effect shall not be too dazzling, but rather subdued and quiet.

As I have just said, I was at the outset tempted to adopt boldly some historical style; but on reflection I abandoned this idea, keeping only a general tendency to Renaissance form, in contra-distinction to Gothic forms. It was, perhaps, with something of a struggle that I did this. But I knew that Persian rugs, electric lights, and even the Ladies of the Faculty would not be in harmony with any Sixteenth or Seventeenth Century style. Why, the ladies of the Faculty would be anachronisms! So I, like other moderns, have been eclectic.

You will see, if you care to scrutinize my work critically, garlands of naturalistic flowers tied with ribbons intermingled with conventional foliage. The rose and the acanthus jostle one another. You will find moldings and ornaments whose counterparts were not found together in any Italian palace or French chateau. Not one of these forms is new. I claim the privilege of these latter days of the nineteenth century,—that of appropriating the good things of other ages; and if this combination is pleasing to our over-educated nineteenth century eyes, I am content.

Decoration, like other griefs, "ends not when it seemeth done," and I had to give thought to the disposition as well as the design of the furniture, the bookcases, and screen, the curtains and the stained glass. These give the room its character as much as the walls and ceiling, and may be in accord or not, according to the selection. None of these things merely happen.

The laws of chance are not reliable even in matters of minor importance. Possibly the most interesting problem is the decorative use of electric light. The design and treatment of electroliers is a new problem for us; for gas fixtures turned upside down are not wholly satisfactory to a well-balanced mind. Habit is strong, however, with designers, and the new conditions impress themselves slowly. Where before a heavy gas-pipe was a necessity, now a slender wire is sufficient. The large globes, open at the bottom to admit air, may now be replaced by delicate, cup-shaped glasses, as you may see. It is equally possible to allow the light to hang down from the fixture, although here a decorative consideration places them upright,—namely, that the ceiling may not be cast into shade. These and many other practical considerations give us scope for endless decorative devices.

I might also call your attention to the effect produced by lighting the room from the upper part of the walls in place of the central chandelier of older days.

My familiarity with each detail of this work will tempt me to weary you; and so permit me to hand the decoration of the parlor over to your tender mercies, only offering the earnest plea that, as you go in and out over this threshold, on your lips and in your hearts may be not my name, but Professor Horsford's, for I have been but the instrument to give expression to his thought for you.

In response to Professor Horsford, President Shafer said:

DEAR FRIEND.—Again we are touched to silence by the movement of your great heart. The pleasure you have for so long a time craved for us is now ours. Fitting response to such rare and chivalrous thought for us, to such beautiful and generous deeds cannot well be given in words. Could you but read the language of our hearts in these first moments of possession, you would know that the blessed harmonies in this rich casket as we take it from you already come stealing over us, as on every side exquisite curves and harmonious hues weave their sweet spell.

Dear friend, though we cannot thank you as your gift deserves, we love to take this from your hand; for coiled in it and wrapped about it we find a sympathetic recognition of our endeavors, a knightly appreciation of all the best and finest possibilities of our lives. No human influence could be stronger to inspire us to fulfil the noblest ideal of life than is the influence of your generous confidence in us. When we have received into our daily lives the beauty which you have prepared for us we must offer the courage which comes from repose, the efficient working which springs from spirits refreshed, the life which goes forth to inspire enthusiasm for the true and the beautiful.

We will care for Elaine; she shall have the light she loves, while we remember that '86 has made many things possible for Alma Mater.

But while I attempt to voice the gratitude of the Faculty I would not forget that the same soft lights that illumine this parlor to-night extend

through the library, revealing in new clearness the stores of wisdom received from the same benefactor. For the whole College I thank you for the new light upon our books. With a new pleasure we shall linger at our reading tables and approach the hitherto hidden treasures of our dark alcoves.

President Shafer concluded her address by reading a few stanzas written by one of the Faculty for the occasion:

Good is toil beneath the sun,
So a harvest stand
Ready when the day is done
For the reaper's hand.
But the heart of nature knows
Labor leaneth on repose.
Seeds asleep beneath the snows,
Ebbing tide and amber west,
Woodland whist and folded rose
Praise the gift of rest.

Buds shall climb to hail the spring,
Taught by dreamful night
Sweetly shall the thrushes sing
At the gates of light.
Fragrant winds the roses sway,
Up the crag-wall sheer and gray
Far the flood-tide flings the spray,
Lifting high his golden crest,
Leads the sun a fairer day
For the gift of rest.

Thou whose ever-knightly thought
For our joy's increase,
Hath these magic colors wrought
To a dream of peace,
Since our words are poor in grace
For this beauty-bellowed space,
Let the blessing we embrace
Nobler deeds to come attest.
Let the triumph of the race
Praise thy gift of rest.

After the ceremonies of presentation were completed, the throng lingered to admire more closely the exquisite work and tasteful appointments of the Parlor, slow in heeding the invitation to refreshments, which were served in the Second Floor Centre. But trains are inexorable, and shortly after 10 o'clock Elaine was left to solitary quietude in her new domain.

On last Sunday morning we heard a most helpful sermon by Rev. Mr. Ela of Chelsea from the text "For Christ's sake." The preacher spoke of motives as the bases of all action and divided these into three classes: self, welfare of fellowmen and will of God. This last he interpreted in the words of his text, showing how "For Christ's Sake" must be the motive of all Christian life and success.

The audience responded to his earnestness with interested attention, and a larger number than usual lingered to hear the service closed with the organ postlude, andante movement of Beethoven's 5th symphony.

The five o'clock prayer meeting has been omitted so far this term, but the usual class prayer meetings were held in the evening, and at their close the advisability of continuing the afternoon meeting was discussed, but no decision was reached.

Married.

LOMBARD—FREEMAN—At Somerville, Mass., Sept. 20, Anna Josephine Freeman, student at Wellesley '89-'86, to Manuel H. Lombard.

PIERPONT—VAN BERGEN—At St. Paul's Episcopal church, Hudson, Wis., Sept. 26, Harriet Carpenter Van Bergen, student at Wellesley '88-'84, to Watson Taylor Pierpont. Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont will make their home in Rockford, Ills.

Born.

In Grinnell, Iowa, Sept. 10, Agatha, daughter of Mrs. Martha Foote Crowe, teacher of History in Wellesley '82-'84.

In Wellesley Hills, Mass., Sept. 21, second daughter of Mrs. Helen Womersley Norcross, A. B. Wellesley '89.

In Concord, Mass., August, son of Mrs. Albion Whiton Thompson, student at Wellesley '86-'87.

ANOTHER COMPANY to join the Wellesley regiment in the noble army of teachers. Wellesley students who enter new positions as teachers in '88:

Jessie E. Allen, B. A., High School, Warren, Pa.
Genevieve Apgar, Seven Gables, Bridgeton, N. J.
Bertha Bailey, B. S., Science Hill, Shelbyville, Ky.
Grace W. Barker, Plattsburg, N. Y.
Gertrude Belden, B. S., Mrs. Benedict's School, New York, N. Y.
Caroline A. Bronson, Detroit Home School, Detroit, Mich.
Fannie T. Brown, B. S., Academy, Schenectady, N. Y.
Caroline F. Buck, Rowland Hall, Salt Lake City, U.
Catharine Burrows, B. A., Nashville College, Tenn.
Annie L. Barrett, B. S., Classical School, New York, N. Y.
Sophonisba P. Breckinridge, B. S., High School, Washington, D. C.
Daisy Crownshield, B. S., Griffith Institute, Springville, N. Y.
Edith L. Cooper, B. S., Church School, Brookville, Pa.
Mary H. Cutler, B. A., Mt. Hermon, Mass.
Bertha L. Deane, A. B., Home School, Everett, Mass.
Minnie A. R. Drake, B. A., Granville College, O.
Alice F. Day, B. A., Hornellsville Academy, N. Y.
Emma F. Eames, High School, Plymouth, Mass.
Emily M. Evans, B. S., Altoona, Pa.
Harriet M. Farnsworth, B. S., Lawrence Academy, Grnton, Mass.
Florence M. Fiske, B. A., High School, Beverly, Mass.
Katharine A. Fall, High School, Gardner, Mass.
Georgine Frazer, High School, Greenfield, Mass.
Lucy Friday, B. A., Warren, Pa.
Ida May Frye, High School, Belvidere, Ill.
Nancy C. George, B. A., Tilden Seminary, W. Lebanon, N. H.
Martha F. Goddard, Denison, Texas.
Helen Hawks, B. A., Coates College, Terre Haute, Ind.
Alice M. Haynes, Manchester, Vt.
Gertrude Howe, B. A., Home School, Natick, Mass.
Elizabeth F. Hume, Hopkins Hall, Burlington, Vt.

SOME OF OUR ART TREASURES.

BY ETHEL PATON, CLASS OF '89.

Of the many attractive features of our "College Beautiful" perhaps the most pleasing of all is the array of art treasures she possesses, scattered throughout her halls. At every turn and from every wall, we are greeted by some really fine work of art, and are constantly afforded opportunities for studying the beautiful in the creations of genuine artists.

But it has been thought by many that these art treasures are not duly appreciated or understood; that we pass by them without a realization of their beauty, or appreciation of their artistic worth. For example, how many know the points of artistic merit in Vedder's "Canaan Sibyl," or in Gifford's "Gibraltar," or the pair of copies from Murillo, that greet us as we descend the stairs on leaving the chapel? Not a very large proportion, we may venture to say, of the 700 who daily see them. For this reason, it has been thought that many would care to have their attention called to some of our finest pictures and groups of pictures, and to know more about them; not only for the pleasure to themselves, but also that they may be the better enabled to show and explain our treasures of art to the many strangers who visit our College home.

Perhaps no two pictures in the College are more observed and admired than the two which hang on either side the reading-room door. They are both copies from famous works of Murillo, the great Spanish artist, and were both presented by Mrs. H. B. Goodwin, who for so long a time has been a friend of Wellesley, and who is not only a true lover of art, but also an artistic student and critic. In the National Museum of London may be seen "The Infancy of Jesus and John" as it came from the hand of the great master himself, and the original of "St. Thomas of Villeneuve Bestowing Alms," is in the Museum of Seville, the city in which Murillo lived and wrought many of his greatest works.

In these two paintings are brought out strikingly the characteristics and beauties of Murillo's style. There is in Murillo's pictures a look of real life, a cordial flow of native animal spirits, which we find nowhere else. As a painter of feminine and infantine grace he is rarely excelled. Could the health and grace of childhood be more exquisitely portrayed than in the form of the Holy Child and His humbler playmate? At the same time in the faces of both we find depicted the sweetness and purity betokening simplicity of soul within.

As a religious artist Murillo stands pre-eminent in Spain, and all his productions contain a depth of feeling and true expression of heartfelt emotion, rarely seen in other masters. He was wont to call the "St. Thomas of Villeneuve," "su lienzo," "his own picture," and when we look carefully at this work of his, we must feel sure the artist was a man of delicate refinement and quick sympathy. In the face of St. Thomas is seen nothing but heartfelt compassion and love for the wretched, needy souls who look up to him so imploringly, and yet so trustfully.

Although Murillo in many paintings portrays suffering and misery, it is done with such tenderness and refinement that the scene never startles or revolts. The poor cripple begging at the feet of the saint, maimed and disfigured though he is, excites no feelings but of compassion and sympathy. No artist appeals to the heart or calls forth the love of man for man more than does Murillo. We can almost smile with the little child who so joyously shows his weary mother the coin he has just received, and can almost share in the eager hope of the boy on the right, who studies with such keen scrutiny the face of the benevolent saint.

In Murillo's works we find clearness of outline and true delineation of form in every detail, but at the same time a softness which seems to melt all into one great harmony. Notice how clearly defined are all the outlines of the several figures in both the paintings we have before us, and yet how unobtrusive is each figure, and how soft, almost misty, is the whole. Murillo's colors are rich and warm, and all his works are characterized by a certain mellowness which is unknown in other painters. Look at the groups in the "St. Thomas" and you will see nothing but warm colors richly blended. From a dark and almost gloomy background, Murillo brings out his figures into the fullest, brightest light, but by gradations of tint so harmonious, that we scarcely perceive the extremes of light and shade, his highest light being always soft and mellow, never prominent and cold.

Thus we can see in these faithful copies the beauties of the great master's style, and having once opened our eyes to them they will daily grow upon us and afford us more delight. We cannot look with too much pleasure on these two paintings, and we may be confident that the old adage "Familiarity breeds contempt" will fail to be true in this case, and the longer we look upon these valuable gifts of Mrs. Goodwin, the more truly we shall enjoy and appreciate them.

A BIRTHDAY SONNET.

TO ELEN NORTON HORSFORD, JULY 27, 1888.
BY PROFESSOR HODGKINS.

In Orient lands beyond the Mullan sea,
Thou' cross and crescent ceaseless; contest wage,
One sweet observance holds through every age
Where all in gentle brotherhood agree;
In mosque or mart, at court, on desert free,
Priest, warrior, peasant, prince and servile page,
Patriarch and youth, unlettered fool and sage,
Each other greet with "Peace be unto thee!"

Dear friend, beneath an occidental sky
I meet thee journeying where the westerling sun
Marks with rich glow thy gracious day's decrease;
Before we onward fare, Iain would I cry
"Peace be to thee!"—listening the while for one
Returning echo, "Unto thee be peace!"

SHELTER ISLAND.

The facts cited in this paper are drawn largely from an article by Martha J. Lamb in the Magazine of American History for Nov., 1887.

"Oh, where can we find solitude
Where none shall dare intrude?"

Thus sang the poet and thus, in language more or less poetic, asks many a person whom the summer months find worn and weary with a long year of good hard work. To such an one the very name of Shelter Island comes with a gleam of suggestion bringing to the mind thoughts of retirement and rest, perchance of cool refreshing breezes and beautiful ocean views. There is enough of mystery about the name, too, to lend it further attractions. Why Shelter Island? Sheltered from what? Where is it? Is there anything especially interesting about it?

The inquiring mind which carries its interrogation points to a period will in this case find itself abundantly rewarded. The geography of the place, which includes the reason for its name, is easily learned. Shelter Island lies at the east end of Long Island. More exactly, it lies at that point where Long Island, tired of preserving what might be called its attenuated continuity, divides and throws out two long arms toward the ocean. The northern one of these arms terminates in Orient Point fifteen miles to the eastward of Shelter Island; the southern one in Montauk Point twenty-five miles to the eastward. Across the opening between these points lie islands of greater or less size, shutting out the ocean and forming a long protected bay, at whose head lies this well-named Island of Shelter.

One sees at a glance the charm of such a situation, yet few even of those who go each succeeding summer to enjoy this charm know anything of the interesting stories and bits of history which have been gathered about the place as a consequence of its beautiful location.

Before our own history began, the Manhattans Indians inhabited the island as a place of especial advantages for their hunting and fishing. They bequeathed to the island some of their names, the site of a few of their villages and the legend that their last chief left his foot print on a rock where it is still pointed out to strangers, when he walked into the sea with two great strides—the first from this rock to Orient Point and the second from Orient to Montauk.

In 1636 the Plymouth Company granted Long Island and the islands adjacent, to the Earl of Stirling, whose agent selected Shelter Island as the place of his own residence. A few years later Shelter Island passed into the hands of Stephen Goodyear of New Haven, who in turn disposed of it to four gentlemen for the consideration of sixteen hundred pounds of "good, merchantable Muscovada sugar." Two of these four gentlemen were Nathaniel and Constant Sylvester into whose hands the control of the island eventually passed, and in whose family a large portion of it still remains. Nathaniel Sylvester made the island his permanent home, and added the interest of his own personal history to that of the island itself.

In 1652 Nathaniel Sylvester married Grissell Brinley, daughter of Thomas Brinley, who was auditor for both Charles I and Charles II. Both father and son-in-law were staunch loyalists, and during the days of Cromwell found residence in England quite impracticable. Thomas Brinley found refuge with the banished king in France, while his sixteen-year old daughter came with her newly wedded husband across the Atlantic on a bridal tour which ended in shipwreck. Fortunately no lives were lost in this shipwreck and the bridal party came to their home safe and sound, save for the loss of some valuables which would have added somewhat to the elegance of their secluded home.

The home at first was little better than a tent or its equivalent. But ships came bringing from the far-off lands materials and decorations for a more substantial house, and soon a mansion was completed, with beautiful gardens and well cultivated fields about it. The care which these young people bestowed upon beautifying their new home is well attested by a double row of box-wood which stands near the manor house. This box was brought by them from England two hundred and thirty-six years ago. To-day it stands where their hands planted it, tall, glossy leaved and carefully trimmed, remarkable for being the oldest box-wood in America, yet prized most of all because of its living testimony to the loving thought which placed it there so long ago. A little farther from the house there is a long row of gnarled and knotted hawthorn trees as old as the box-wood, but showing much more plainly the seams and scratches of a long and stormy life.

John Winthrop the younger lived on Fisher's Island, near the Connecticut shore, while Nathaniel Sylvester was living on Shelter Island. Between the families were exchanged the courtesies of the time, and the manuscripts of many letters which passed between the two gentlemen are still preserved. One of them is so quaint and shows so well the character of a gentleman of the seventeenth century that we give its words, regretting what it must lose because we cannot reproduce its graceful, old-fashioned characters.

IN SHELTER ISLAND, ye 27th of ye 3 mo., 1675.

Most Worthey and Indeeared Friend:

The dayley sence I have of those Manifold and never to be forgotten civilities which from time to time I have received from thy noble and tender heart, constrains me in a few lines Dearly to Salute thee, and to assure thee it to be in my breathing to the Lord thou maist have them turned all into blessings, and that those days which through his devine providence he shall be pleased to grant thee, may be accompanied with heavenly Joy, as also that thy Expiration thou maist be received by him and placed amongst his Saints.

Having great desires with thy Wife to see Thy Face, and to make a personal acknowledgment for those Obligations wee lay under, it's our intentions (the Lord permitting) this summer to give thee a visit, and so Dear Friend, craving pardon for these my famillier expressions desiring thee with all to believe them to flow from a Bosom which is full of upright love to Thyself and thy Familie and that our reall Esteem of thee is such that Thy name is like a Good savor to Us and our Children. I shall add no further but that with presentation of myn and my Wifes unfained respects unto Thyself and Daughters, I make bould to take leave, and to Assure thee that it shall be my Indevours I may be found in the Integrite of Heart to Remain

Thy Most Indeeared and Faithful Friend,

NATHANIEL SYLVESTER.

Had all men been as true and gentle hearted as this letter shows that Nathaniel Sylvester was, what a delight to have lived in the seventeenth century! But we remember things which prove that the law of kindness was not yet monarch of the world. This was the time of the cruel treatment of the Quakers, when they were exiled from Boston or whipped and tortured, or even put to death. Well for them that Nathaniel Sylvester was so true a gentleman and had so pitiful a heart. For his home was ever ready to receive the persecuted ones, and his hand ready to minister to their sufferings. George Fox and Mary Dyer, Wm. Robinson and Mar-maduke Stevenson found shelter beneath his roof, and in his house died Lawrence and Cassandra Southwick, worn out by torture and exile, but cared for tenderly in their few last days by Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester.

The Sylvesters were more or less engaged in the discussions which took place between the Dutch and English with regard to the possession of Long Island, during the Dutch supremacy in New York. Dutch Commissioners were more than once entertained at the Shelter Island Manor House and perchance among the relics of past years upon the island may be found sometimes an especially healthy ghost whom we would recognize as a genuine Hollander, come back to this quiet retreat to spend his ghost-hood days.

The old stone steps where persecuted Quakers and prosperous Dutch Commissioners, English lords and American governors, people of all sorts and conditions have landed when coming as guests to Shelter Island, are still in the same old place, not far from the dwelling. There every visitor can "track them o'er" and picture to himself the illustrious people who have stood there before him. Romance as well as history has its tale to tell about these steps, for here Grissell Sylvester, Nathaniel Sylvester's oldest daughter, parted from her lover, who was compelled to seek for health in a southern climate, but who died during the ocean voyage.

The mansion of Nathaniel Sylvester stood until 1737, when it was replaced by the present Manor House which looks as strong and staunch today as though it had been built during the last decade. But no modern house could be so beautiful as this one, which has all the charm of age with none of the distortion of decay. The house is large and square, painted a soft yellow, with a broad piazza and a colonnade of white pillars in front. Within it is roomy and old-fashioned and full of interesting things. A part of the panelings and carvings were taken from the original house, there is a knife of silver with carnelian handle given to one of the family by Charles I. There is a small box which once belonged to George Washington, there are endless manuscripts of old letters and old deeds and other legal documents. There is in one of the upper rooms a haunted mirror where guests—but never any member of the family—are said to see the bright young face of one of the daughters of the house who lived and died long years ago. Wherever one turns, one says instinctively: "Old wood to burn, old books to read, old friends to talk." Yet everything is cared for so thoughtfully and well that the impression is never that of a dead past, but of a past living in the grateful memory of the present. If Nathaniel Sylvester had the art of humo- mak-

ing, so that many and many a heart found comfort and home-happiness beneath his roof in the seventeenth century and so that many a permanent memento of that home life has remained for later generations to enjoy, his descendants have just as thoroughly the art of home-keeping, so that the treasures of the past are made bright with added blessings of the present.

We have spent so many words upon the Manor House because, as we have said, about it cluster the historic memories of Shelter Island. For the Island itself, a word or two.

The Island is not large compared with Long Island and others of its neighbors. It is seven miles in length and four in width. At its western end are high, well-wooded hills, rising from the water's edge. At one point is a steep sand slope, looking as though a giant had cut off one little point of the island and pocketed part of a hill, thus exposing the yellow soil within, partly for the sake of the satisfaction its pretty color gives the eye, partly for the sake of the pleasure its clean, soft slope gives to children who delight in "sand slides." Toward the eastern part of the island its surface becomes more gently undulating, though never what a Westerner calls "flat." The shores are lower, running out into the water in one or two places, in long, bare, sandy points which make the general verdure of the island all the more refreshing by contrast.

Of late years the people of New York have learned what an inviting place this island is for a summer home, and many of them have made it their permanent summer resting place. At Prospect, on the western end of the island, is a large hotel of excellent appointments. Along the shore, in either direction from this hotel, are a large number of "cottages," some of which are large and elegant houses, but all of which have the genuine home look about them. Farther along the shore to the north and east of Prospect, stands the Manhattans House, which is said to be one of the best resorts upon the Atlantic coast.

Between the two hotels and slightly back from the shore, is Harlowe Cottage, which the generosity of Prof. E. N. Horsford of Cambridge has assigned to the use of Wellesley people during the summer months. A certain little lady who knows how to make a family thoroughly happy has presided over it for two years past, and between the pleasure of the home-like life within the cottage and the pleasure of the charming out door life which the island offers to anyone and every one, the many "recreators" who have availed themselves of these privileges have had a glorious time. Rowing, sailing, carriage riding, horse-back riding, walking, bathing—the last exceptionally good—are within the reach of every visitor at Harlowe. The only difficulty is which to choose when opportunities for all are so abundant.

Not least among the attractions of Harlowe Cottage is its nearness to the Manor House, and not least among the delights of its inmates is the fact that he whose kindness has made known to them the joys of Shelter Island is himself the Lord of the Manor.

Mrs. Horsford is a member of the Sylvester family and Prof. and Mrs. Horsford came into the possession of this estate by direct line of succession, and they seem never more happy than when extending the civilities of their hospitable, historic home to those of their many friends who visit Shelter Island.

The Manor House stands nearer the centre of the island than does Harlowe Cottage, but a long arm of the bay reaches into the grounds as though the ocean itself were not willing to forego the pleasure of a peep at the beautiful old house. One cannot carry away from this "isle in a sister's arms so gently wound" a more perfect picture than that of the great mellow-colored mansion with the soft green lawn sloping from it to the water's edge and graceful branches of the dignified old trees forming a netted frame-work about it. It is an ideal home,—quiet, peaceful, full of content, rich in stories of the past, but richer still in the living presence of a home whose thought is right, whose heart is kind, whose life is true and deep and true.

ISOLATION.

BY CHARLOTTE ELLSWORTH ROSE, A. B. WEL. '89.

Thinkest thou that a great distance
Lies between thee and you star?
Thy soul's friends, the best and dearest,
In their nearness are as far.

OUR CLASS IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

BY AMELIA AVERY HALL, A. B. WEL. '84.

By the universal consent of mankind, the calendar year is allowed to begin with the month of January and end with December. The arrangement was made so long ago, and people on the whole are so well satisfied with it, that perhaps it would not be wise to suggest making a change.

But there is quite a large class of persons, consisting of those who go to school and those who teach school, to whom the fixed order of things is not the natural order, and who talk of "last year" and "this year" while referring to events all of which occurred within one calendar year.

For us September and not January is the natural month of beginnings, and it is then that all the numerous plans for self-improvement appear in their most attractive light and are adopted with an enthusiasm which visibly weakens at the approach of spring, until commencement season opens to our tired eyes entrancing views of an enchanted "castle of indolence," and we find ourselves all eagerness to enter.

Of course this does not apply to those of us whose zeal for knowledge knows no bounds and who had, in our college days, insatiable appetites which eighteen recitations a week only whetted and which craved at least twenty. They have found their opportunity outside the college doors and after teaching ten recitations a day during the school year lie them to the various Summer Schools where the "world is all before them where to choose."

But most of us are content to be idle while we may and are all the more ready to work when we must and to work more than we must. For the majority of us who are teachers feel the danger of becoming narrow in thought and feeling by devoting all of our time to our own share in the work of making the world wiser and none to becoming wiser ourselves.

It is for this reason that the various Branches of the Association of Intercollegiate Alumnae have formed clubs among their members for the study of various subjects. Our Philadelphia Branch of that Association has had three such clubs, one for sight reading in the classics, one for the study of Anglo-Saxon and early English, and the third for the study of Political Economy and the various social problems included in it. The Association by its constitution admits to these clubs, under certain conditions and regulations, those who have pursued a special or partial course of study in any college. So that the fifteen members of our Political Economy Club include some who are not college graduates. But Wellesley, Vassar and Smith are well represented.

This class has met once in two weeks under the leadership of Professor James of the University of Pennsylvania. As our knowledge of the subject was decidedly elementary we declared in favor of a text-book, and at Prof. James' recommendation, provided ourselves with John Stuart Mills' Political Economy in the original, neither revised nor improved nor annotated nor accompanied by any commentaries except our own.

Will you come with me to one of the meetings? We will go out first to the University grounds and then enter the most imposing of the buildings of greenish gray stone. Up to the second floor we take our way and

enter a large well-lighted room whose walls are hidden by cases containing leather-covered books and paper-covered pamphlets on every imaginable topic connected with political economy, law and finance. Around three sides of the room runs a table, about which are plenty of chairs. At one end of the table sits the professor, keen, clear-headed, ready to ask the most searching questions or to meet them with answers so clear, logical and just that one is inspired with admiration for the thinker and with confidence in his opinions. But this you will see for yourself later. At present the knowledge of the class on the subject assigned for the day is to be sounded. Miss A. is asked to give briefly the salient points of the chapter on "Production," with an outline of Mr. Mills' presentation of the subject. Then follows a close, logical questioning on Miss A.'s answer, and woe betide her if she has not firm hold on both ends of the argument, for there is a Socratic slipperiness about those innocent sounding questions which may possibly lead one into very strange positions. Then comes a general discussion of the subject; the presentation of views differing from those of Mr. Mill, and the practical illustrations of the questions.

Your Alma Mater may have given you a degree and you may possess a neatly rolled sheep-skin with its dignified Latin affirmation that you have "*jura omnia ad hunc gradum pertinentia*," furthermore you may yourself have been long engaged in asking questions of persons who know less than yourself, and you may have often and sternly rebuked that timid soul who has assured you that she "knows but can't tell," yet in spite of all this, a fit of genuine Freshman tremors is apt to seize you when the summons comes to you to take your turn and stand the fire of questions. Only a strong sense of shame prevents you from repeating the answer of your own timid pupil. All this is, as you will perceive, very excellent discipline for teachers; it brutalens their sympathies!

And so the two hours assigned for the meeting pass quickly away and the club separates into groups that linger for a few last words on some specially interesting topic that has arisen in the lesson. And when it is all over for the day, you find that you have come to a little clearer understanding of some of the problems that affect the fate of nations and, at any rate, have found plenty of thinking material with which to occupy your spare moments.

Unfortunately we had only fourteen weeks of study together the past year, owing to the long and serious illness of our leader, but in that time we nearly finished the first volume of our two-volume edition of Mill. And now, as another school year begins, our memory of the delightful hours of co-operative study rouse in us fresh enthusiasm for the work which we have found both stimulating and full of enjoyment, and our zeal even incites us to try to induce others to go and do likewise.

We attribute the measure of success which we have had to three things: 1st, a regular time for meeting which constituted an engagement not lightly to be broken; 2d, a systematic plan of work on the basis of a good text-book; and last, and most of all, the placing of the club under the direction of one who is a master of the subject in all its details and who does not make the mistake of giving us *instruction* where we need *education*.

To-Day, To-Morrow and Yesterday.

The Commencement Poem of Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, A. B., Wel. '81, on account of errors in type as printed last June, is here given again:

I.

The spell of the Past is on us;
He softly touches our eyes,
And this dear old place is glowing
With the colors of paradise.

The Past is playing us music,
A sweet and wonderful strain;
And our hearts respond to its numbers,
As violets answer rain.

The room is thronging with faces
That we have not seen for years,
Ah, me! but some brows bear halos
That blur through this mist of tears.

We can hear remembered voices,
We listen to fragments of song,
On whose tide of olden sweetness,
Our spirits are borne along.

We see the lake spread before us,
So sparkling, and clear, and blue;
And the trees are whispering o'er us
Just as they used to do.

Yes, the spell of the Past is on us
And this place is holy ground,
For here was our ladder of Bethel,
With its shining round on round.

II.

As one, who in his boat has drifted
Across the surface of some still, deep lake,
Where blue to bending blue replies,
And gleaming water-lilies rise,
Is borne, at length, where sleeping waters wake,
And, slipping over shining sand,
Enter the river swift and grand,
So we turn from the dreaming Past away,
And open our eyes on the great To-day.

Who shall sing the song of the great To-day,
Its passion, its music, its might,
As it flows from the shores of Yesterday
To the land that is out of sight!

Though the dreamer dream of what is to be,
Though the *old* love the Past away,
The fullest life of the world is hid
In the deep heart of To-day.

None ever caught sight of To-morrow's face
Under morning's soft veil of gray;
For the earliest sunbeams flicker across
The stern, sweet eyes of To-day.

And To-day builds the temple of beauty;
To-day moves the engines of power;
Since the dawn of time all great deeds were
wrought
On the forge of the present hour.

For the souls that sorrow and suffer long
To-day is the tenderest friend,
It is empty To-morrows that break sad hearts
They can live To-day to the end.

All the lovely lives, to our eyes that seem
High and holy and far away;
They wove their white robes as the lilies do,
In the sunshine of each To-day.

Who shall sing the song of the great To-day!
Those glorified spirits, who bow
At the foot of God's great, white throne, and
live
In the light of an endless Now.

III.

Sweet rosy day with her smiling eyes,
Her eager breezes, her sunshiny skies,
Stands ever on the threshold of the night,
Stranger, starry night with her deepening sky,
Her winds that whisper of mystery,
Looks ever toward the dawning of the light.

So stand our hearts at the future's door,
So looketh the future o'er us.

Dim, unknown land of the future,
We stretch out our hands to thee,
From our narrow strip of sunshine,
From our moment of certainty.

We can see the moving shadows
Of things that are yet to be;
We can hear the solemn sighing
Of the wind of destiny.

Our dreams are there in the twilight
Of that wondrous future land,
They sing with their low, sweet voices,
They hold out their soft, white hands.

We listen for chime of joy-bells,
From the airy distance blown,
We wait for the wings of song-birds
That, out of our hearts, have flown.

Our sorrows stand in the shadow,
Each waiting to claim his own;
We know that in some dark moment
We must meet them alone, alone.

O, unknown life of the future,
We welcome thy joy, thy pain!
We fear not thy haunting shadow,
Thy losses we turn to gain.

Thou hast not one tear of sorrow
That it were not loss to miss;
And every dark cloud of trouble
Hath a silver heart of bliss.

And so we walk toward the future,
Contented just not to know,
For the Mighty hath our treasure,
He knoweth the way we go.

He holds, He keeps, He guides us,
Oh, beautiful, unknown way!
Over whose summit of trial,
He bringeth us to the day.

Selected.

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

BY LOUISE MCCOY NORTH A. B. WEL. '79, A. M. '82.

England's conquest of India has a significance far beyond its merely political import. Of peculiar and intense interest to those whose study is mankind is the meeting of these two sons of the Aryan family within the shadow of the ancient homestead; the elder conservative, serious, lingering in unambitious ease in the moss-grown and crumbling portal of his fathers; the younger eager, aggressive, successful, returning from far lands laden with the treasures of fresh discovery in science and art, in philosophy and practical life. The East and the West have met together—nay, more, are "dwelling together in unity." It may be now too soon to mark the impression of each upon the other, to gather the fruits of this engrafting of Orient with Occident, and yet in the second generation of England's Hindu subjects we clearly perceive traits of thought and character which are the outcome of the twofold influence. Pre-eminently manifest are these evidences in him whom England, America, and his own country unite in calling "India's greatest son." The life and teachings of Keshub Chunder Sen exhibit in special distinctness the various and often opposing elements of thought and experience which compose the India of England's realm. Their conflicts are in the struggles of his mind and heart and the strange inconsistencies of his life; their harmonies are in his songs of worship and of peace.

From no hand would we so gladly receive the volume of his history as from that which we have once clasped in welcome to America, and which has ever been a right hand of fellowship to the man who, amid the shifting, surging tides of popular feeling, now overwhelming him with perilous adulation, now recoiling in a passion of dislike, must have rejoiced to feel the pressure of its constancy and strength. Mr. Mozoomdar, a kinsman of India's latest prophet, not only after the flesh, but after the spirit also, presents a sympathetic, but by no means blindly partial, treatment of his character and ministry.

We may venture the wish that in its form the volume were as attractive as in its substance, taking pleasure in a "goody outside" for truth as well as fiction, and feeling reluctant to act as proof-readers when our services are of no avail.

Upon Mr. Mozoomdar's gift of graceful and vigorous expression and his command of the foreign tongue, of which he has already given us abundant proof, there is no need of comment; the Oriental picturesqueness of his style and the "glowing transcendentalism" of his thought are naturally less manifest in the present narrative than in his religious writings.

The record of the ancestry and early life of Keshub Chunder Sen is pervaded with romantic charm. The quaint and lovely village of Garifa, on the borders of the beautiful river of sunshine; the humble and hard-working Gokub, tracing his pedigree to the mythical kings and sages who stand like snow capped mountain peaks in the far distant past of India's history, but tracing his thoughts upon the dry leaves of the wild banyan tree, which nature provides for "learning's impecunious votaries;" the noble career of his most gifted son, advancing from the narrow routine of an uneducated type-setter to the broad plain of culture, wealth and philanthropy, winning from the development of "Hindu talents and potencies," under the influence of English thought, a character and a reputation which were the worthy inheritance of his even more illustrious grandson; the brief but brilliant life of Rame Camal's beloved son, the father of Keshub; his queenly and noble-hearted mother, whose tender purity and saintliness in the long, harsh asceticism of Hindu widowhood appeal to the heart with the grace and fragrance of the hyacinth, and whose gentle influence rested like a benediction upon the life of her famous son, whose early death she now calmly bears in unspeakable sorrow, wearing in her benign old age the crown of devotion from many hearts—all these pass before us, enkindling in the imagination vision after vision of that far-away Hindu life. Fervent devotees of Vishnu though these ancestors of Keshub were, our acquaintance with them draws us into closer sympathy with humanity and a clearer understanding of the remarkable character which was molded so largely by their own.

The traits of Keshub's boyhood are manifested in their maturer form throughout his life—the pure morality, the intelligence, the strong will and self-confidence, the fondness for novelty and for leadership. The tracing of his spiritual development from the excessive austerity of his youth, with its severe morality and "stern, stoical, colorless" religious experience, to the large and luxuriant life and exultant spirituality of his manhood—the passing, as it were, through the wilderness of preparation out into his soul's fair land of promise—reveals an influence which possesses the secret of his marvelous growth in truth. Prayer clasped the eager hand of this child of Hinduism and led him step by step out from the hideous temple of pagan idolatry, safely past the wilderness of atheism and the barren fields of Vedantic philosophy, to the very gateway of truth. As Moses upon Pisgah's summit, he from the sublime heights of Theism beheld the Holy Land of God's choosing, but entered not in; as Columbus lingered

on the borders of a marvelous discovery, he paused on the threshold of the Divine Temple, reading in ecstasy its glorious inscription—"The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man." Would that he might might have entered its inmost shrine and beheld the ineffable love of God revealed in the sacrifice of his only begotten Son for the redemption of the world! This mystery of human experience—that great souls thus sometimes stand in the very presence of a complete revelation and behold it not, though the veil that hides it seems to tremble at their coming—must, perhaps, with many another, await for its solution the dawn of that celestial day when, in his likeness who is the Truth, "we shall be satisfied." It must be that some "shade of self" still dims the eyes of those who thus seem almost to behold the beatific vision; only in the hour of absolute self-surrender is the veil of the temple rent in twain. Certainly very precious is the testimony that "everything great and good which Keshub Chunder Sen achieved he ascribed directly or indirectly to prayer;" that "his life has produced one great result—he has undoubtedly taught a number of men the reality of daily intercourse with the Spirit of God;" not alone the "making of our requests known unto Him," but also the listening to the response of the Divine Voice within the soul.

This result will be of permanent and inestimable blessing to those on whom it has been wrought, and through them to the world. Are there other fruits of this prolific life which also "shall remain?" As a reformer of caste, of intemperance, of marriage customs, as a social reconstructor and an educationist, he laid noble foundations, but it is said that neither he nor other men have built thereon such structures as shall afford abiding shelter and refuge. Not upon these, however, did he base his hopes of benefiting the coming generation, but upon the development of the Brahmo Somaj from the Vedantism of its earliest history into the eclectic Theism of the New Dispensation, which should become a Volapuk among religions. To this object he gave his life—the founding of a Universal Church, wherein should be gathered, as in the Roman Pantheon of old, the creeds of the nations in complete harmony—Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Christianity—where Christ and Gautama, Mohammed and Chaitanya, yea, also Confucius and Zoroaster, should alike be enthroned at the footstool of the Deity—whose scriptures should be Bible and Vedas, Koran and Buddhistic lore. "All this," says Mr. Mozoomdar, "it will be readily perceived, brought him face to face with tremendous difficulties." And yet we have the right to believe that if this man of eloquence unsurpassed in India, of burning enthusiasm, and, above all, vital spirituality, could not achieve this work, which was the passionate longing of his life, it cannot be accomplished. Has he, then, wrought out this magnificent scheme? In the New Dispensation do we indeed find the universal faith of the future? His own words will tell us. In the days when the shadows of death were gathering about him, his deepest soul cried out, with infinite pathos, "Shall I regard my life and my mission as a failure? Tell me, my God! Comfort me with thine assurance that there is still some hope, and that I may yet achieve some success. Great God, for many long years thy servant has toiled and labored in diverse ways and various fields to establish a kingdom of love and forgiveness among thy people. In thy strength and under thy command I have struggled to pour oil over troubled waters and to reconcile differences. But *in vain*."

Mr. Mozoomdar confirms these sad words with his own: "The stern fact remains that his church has so far failed to be faithful to his ideal. We trust and pray that the God of the New Dispensation may yet open the eyes of its chief representatives, to follow the example set by their minister and rescue from impending ruin the cause for which he labored, lived, and died."

Where, then, may we find the fundamental reason for the failure of this mighty enterprise? Not merely in the insufficiencies of the character of its great leader—"all impulse," though he declares himself—and guided by an overpowering imagination, often utterly inconsistent in the eyes of men, and abundantly confident of self; nor yet in the brevity of his brilliant career, nor even in the inadequacy of his followers to enter into his labors, their apathy and lack of earnestness, their continual want of harmony during his life, and their "fatal disunion" since his death. Nor is the explanation to be found alone in certain peculiar and extravagant doctrines, which naturally "excited derision;" for example, that of the "pilgrimages to saints," according to which earnest devotees took spiritual journeys to hold converse with "Moses, Socrates, Buddha, Jesus, Mahomet, Chaitanya, and, finally, Faraday, Carlyle, and Emerson;" nor yet in that presumption, which, if intentional, would become blasphemy, which issues proclamations as coming directly from God himself, declaring, as in his own words, that which is assumed to be his will; nor yet again in the grotesque adaptation of those sacraments most precious to the followers of the divine Saviour, and their intermingling with curious and meaningless rites of Hindu idolatry. In all these we find not the primal reason for the instability of the great effort; they seem rather among the natural effects of that underlying cause.

A *sinless* race might rest in a religious philosophy of its own choosing; the human soul, with its infinite yearning for the presence of the Father, is powerless to throw off the chains of sinfulness its own hands have forged, and raise itself from the dungeon of its own depravity. The system, therefore, which rejects all necessity of meditation between the Most Holy and the sin-stained heart of man, which refuses the guidance of the pierced hand of the Redeemer and ignores his sacrificial death, fails to meet the vital needs of men, and must see its noblest service for their welfare crumble in the dust. The path to the throne of God human eyes, unaided by divine light, cannot discern, nor can man walk therein unsustained by the blessed grace of God. The words of India's gifted and heroic daughter, the Puandita Ramabai, have caught the secret of the great truth, as her consecrated life is showing forth its beauty: "I came to see that Christianity is a philosophy teaching truths higher than I had ever known in all our systems; to see that it gives not only precepts, but a perfect example; that it does not give us precepts and an example only, but assures us of divine grace, by which we can follow that example." Moreover the noble task which the great-hearted Hindu endeavored to achieve for the children of men is not only impossible to human effort, but also needless, since the universal religion is already established by the divine fiat.

It is not enough to honor Christ as the worthy prophet of a Western religion, to be enraptured with the perfections of his character, as an embodiment of a series of lofty ideas. The voice of God has summoned us from our philosophies and our theorizing, our creeds and our systems: "This is my beloved Son. Hear ye him!" And as we listen, what is the claim which he makes upon our faith? "I am the light of the world." "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." "The bread which I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

Christ thus repeatedly declares himself to be the only Saviour of mankind; strange indeed is it that the inconsistency of lavishing honor on the integrity and beauty of his character, and at the same moment rejecting the truth of his statements concerning his nature and his mission, does not appear to those who would be liberal at so great an expense. The religion of Jesus is the divinely appointed system for the salvation and devotion of the human race, or it is not even a "cunningly devised fable."

May those who, following in the steps of Keshub Chunder Sen, are earnestly seeking, for the India they love, that faith which shall satisfy the deepest cravings of the soul, speedily find it where alone it may be found, beneath the cross of Calvary.—*Christian Union*, June 21, 1888.

1 The Life and Teachings of Keshub Chunder Sen. By P. C. Mozoomdar. (Calcutta. Printed and published by J. W. Thomas, Baptist Mission Press.)

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Charlotte Westcott, High School, Auburn, N. Y.
Jessie Reid, B. A., is proof-reading at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.
Alice T. Hall, B. A., M. D., has been elected Professor of Hygiene and Physiology in Woman's College, Baltimore, Md.
Ethel Rawson, B. A., High School, St. Albans, Vt.
Margaret Hill, B. A., High School, St. Albans, Vt.
Alice Ames, A. B. '86, in charge of Advanced class for girls in a school St. Paul.

Lawn Tennis.

Never has lawn tennis been more popular in this country than during the last spring and summer; every where from the north to the south, from the east to the west, tournaments have been held, and prizes have been contested by many.

The prize in which all were chiefly interested for the National Championship was won by Slocum at Newport, who played against H. A. Taylor. R. D. Sears, who has been the champion for the last two years, was unable to play because of an injury done to his neck, sometime during the spring.

Tennis has become a national game and it is one in which Wellesley takes peculiar pleasure. The students spend many leisure moments on the beautiful campus where eight nets are stretched.

In past years the annual tournament, held in October, has been the great athletic event of the season, and each successive year shows an increasing degree of interest on the part of the College as a whole. It is earnestly hoped that this year will be no exception to the rule, and that the number of entries for the tournament will be many more than ever before. We are glad to announce that the campus is in excellent condition, and that the courts back of Music Hall will be better than they were last year.

While the Main Building is naturally the centre of all our sports and pleasures, the interest in tennis is not confined within that limit. Last year the Eliot and some of the boarding houses in the village had tennis courts, and this fall there is to be a new one marked out at Waban Cottage.

The W. C. L. T. A. extends a cordial invitation to all students interested in tennis to join the Association.
E. C. THAYER, President of W. C. L. T. A.

College Notes.

Prof. Denio has returned from Europe. She arrived on the evening of the 23rd, and the next morning the sun, having sulked a week at not finding her in her usual place, burst forth with his accustomed Wellesley glory.

Mrs. Adaline Emerson Thompson, A. B. Wel. '80, is established in her new home, 5 Beach street, East Orange, N. J.

Mrs. Adeline Dodge Cole, '88, is housekeeping in Brookline.

It may reassure the readers of our first issue to hear that the Editorial Staff is pursuing a special course in spelling.

At Sunday evening prayers Miss Middlekauff played Trauerelei by Schumann and Loeschhorn's Evening Rest.

Mrs. Edwina Shearn Chadwick, A. B. Wellesley '80, returns to her Alma Mater this year to pursue musical studies.

The girls at Norumbega have each contributed one dollar toward the Piano Fund. They propose to hire, for the year, a piano which may be kept in the hall on the first floor, and used for dancing.

Fun at Norumbega.

Never, perhaps, has our old friend Mrs. Jarley more signally displayed both the ingenuity and the flexibility of her remarkable intellect than in the entertainment she so generously provided last week for the up-building and cheer of the Freshman mind. Discerning us in a glass the weariness of the professorial tongue and of the student brain, she determined to make her exhibition a relief in every sense and to convey in the form of amusement important information regarding the aim and scope of the various departments of the College. Art and the Classics were figured by Venus Rising from the Foam, and the difficulties which beset the beginner in either of these subjects were admirably hinted by the somewhat cranky way in which the rising was accomplished. Music, both vocal and instrumental, was represented, the ecstatic smiles on the faces of the figures suggesting the exquisite delights of the musician, while the accidents which befell both, though seeming accidents, were really designed to warn the spectators that the artistic temperament is peculiarly liable to depression. While intended more especially to represent the geological department, the figure of Dr. Kane discovering the North Sea had a large interest as symbolizing the field for research which invites the scientist, while Little Miss Muffet with her Spider set forth as a corollary the fact that opportunity for investigation may be found in the commonest events of daily life. Time fails us even for a mention of the greater number of attractions, but the subtle presentations of History and Literature must not be passed by. The changed spirit of historical study, the realization that it is the people and the people's minds which are the true subject of in-

vestigation was delicately intimated by the representation of the Duke, while the description of the supposititious accident which had befallen the figure of the Bridegroom was so realistic that the spectator perceived only upon meditation that it was this very accident which transformed the Bride into a Mourning Bride, making her a fit emblem at once of Literature and of that human pathos which is the inspiration of so much of our best poetry.

A fifth year student, pale with agitation, was heard to remark: "I have witnessed a terrible transformation. Once upon a time, when I was a Freshman, there dwelt a mighty Senior here who seemed to me six feet tall, at least. She returned this morning. I dared approach her, and found to my bewilderment that she was three inches shorter than I."

Songs and cheering,
Nonsense, fun,
Joking, music,
Banjo, pun;

Seed-cake, clapping,
Sweet-pea raid,
This was Sophomore
Serenade.

After a careful scrutiny of the new bulletin board, a Freshman was heard to ask: "Is *that* the Board of Advisors?"

She didn't mean to be sarcastic, but she was a Sophomore and she sweetly remarked to an '89 girl: "Doesn't it seem queer not to have any Senior class?"

As the Head of a Department was sitting at a corridor table the other afternoon, there entered an exuberant Freshman, who had interviewed her on business earlier in the day and who now remarked, "If Miss X," (presumably another Freshman), "comes 'round here for me, you'll tell her I'm on the lake, won't you?" The Professor made a note of the fact.

SCENE.—Room in Village. Second Day of College Term.

New Student. (Sitting on a trunk with two lead pencils stuck in her hair). "Here, I want you to help me about this schedule. I've two Histories, three Literatures, Rhetoric, double German, French and Ethics."

Old Student. (Standing on a step ladder with her mouthful of tacks). "H'm, have you seen the Schedule Committee?"

New Student. "N-n-no."

Old Student. "Better go up and see them this afternoon,—unless you are too tired, for you won't feel any more rested after they have looked at your schedule. They'll give you a piece of their mind, and as they have a great mind, it may be a larger piece than you expect. What have you been doing to-day?"

New Student. "O dear! I went to History and the teacher just fired things at us, and I couldn't find the room for Rhetoric until the recitation was over, and I got into the wrong class in German and never knew it, and I've been up and down to College three times and I've got to go again to-night."

Old Student. (Looking down from the step-ladder compassionately.) "But you will be all worn out."

New Student. "Yes, but I must read sixty ballads in two weeks, 'in a credulous, child-like mood,' and learn another by heart, and answer sixteen questions for next lesson, and—oh! I haven't put my music in this schedule yet, and where is there a place for those lectures on Hygiene?"

SOPHISTRY.

One rather chilly day
Two maidens, blithe and gay,
Two maidens of the class of '91,
Went out to take a stroll.
And—it was very droll—
A shower compelled them in a barn to run.

And, there compelled to stay,
They whiled their time away
By inspecting a most interesting beast:
They could not see its head,
But one gentle maiden said,
"That the creature is a *mule*, I know at least."

Then soon approached a man,
Who presently began,
In a manner most peculiar to behold,
To *milk* that creature mild!
And of course the merest child
That the creature was a *cow* could then have told.

And now, if any slur
Is ever cast at her,
That maiden, in a way to strike one dead
Will reply, "I can't see how
Anyone could tell a cow,
Were it standing so one could not see its head."



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